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apparently "loafing about" among the valleys. The *zaptiehs* said that they were notorious robbers, and would not go home without booty. Towards evening they re-appeared with several bullocks and asses which they had driven off from the village of, the headman of which came to me in the evening and asked me to report the robbery to "the Consul," adding that this was the third time within a week that his village had been robbed of domestic animals, and that he dared not complain.

At Kara Kapru, the best-looking Armenian village I have seen, while I was looking for an *odaTi*, Moussa, in spite of Murphy and the *zaptiehs*, dashed off with his horses at full speed, and never stopped till he reached Ghazloo, three hours farther on. This barbarous conduct was occasioned by his having heard that two of his forty horses ahead had broken down, and he hurried on to replace them with two of mine! I was so tired and in so much pain that I was obliged to lie down on the road-side for a considerable time before I could proceed, and got a chill, and was so wretched that I had to be tied on my horse. It was pitch dark, the *zaptiehs* continually lost the way, heavy rain came on, and it was 9 P.M. when we reached Ghazloo, a village high up on a hill-slope, where Mirza and Murphy carried me into a small and crowded stable, and later into my tent, which was pitched in the slime at the stable door. Moussa was repentant, borrowed a *kajaveh*, and said he would give me

his strong
horse for nothing!
Torrents of rain fell, changing into sleet,
and sleet
into snow, and when the following day
dawned dismally
my tent was soaked, and standing in slush
and snow.
My bed was carried into the stable, and I
rested while
the loading was going on. Suleiman, my
special *zaptieh*,
said that the *khanji* was quadrupling the
charges, and
wanted me not to pay him anything. The
khanji retorted
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